

VOL. XXXII.—No. 817.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 2d, 1892.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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Suck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

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THE LATEST REPUBLICAN BUGABOO.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 2nd, 1892.—No. 817.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THAT THE Democratic party comes to this election better prepared to win than it has been for thirty-two years there can be no doubt. It is strong in its candidates, strong in its principles and its policy,—for a popular party, strong in organization. And it is strong, moreover, in a new loyalty and enthusiasm which animate its vast ranks. But beyond and above all these things it is strong in a strength that assures its final supremacy as the popular party of the United States, and would assure it even were it again to suffer such wrong as it suffered by the reversal of the people's will in 1876. This strength lies in the fact that the Democratic party of to-day leads the van of a popular movement so irresistibly powerful in its natural and reasonable tendency, so vigorously and harmoniously permeated and stirred by the energy of a just and righteous fervor, that no trick or device of selfish or temporary policy can do more than momentarily check its onward sweep. The forces that combined to bring its component masses into one great whole now contribute to urge its direct and certain progress. The elements of strength which it drew to itself from outside, unite to inform it with an abounding courage and vitality. It is the party of the people; it has the people's heart and the people's trust, and it must assuredly prevail against all who fight under false colors in the name of that people.

For a generation past these things could not truthfully have been said of the Democratic party without some reserve, some extenuation, or some softening of hard facts. But within the space of that generation one chapter of our political history has been brought to an end, and another has been begun. The years that followed the close of the War of the Rebellion saw the Republican party strongly entrenched in power. Although the work for which it was organized had been accomplished, it owed its retention in office to its claim upon the gratitude of the people, and the consequent distrust and suspicion with which the people looked upon its political opponents. The Democrats were demoralized and disheartened. Their attitude on the great question which had just been decided had been radically wrong; and this did them great injury in a moral sense; in a material sense they were even worse off, because of the obvious unwisdom and unsuccess of that attitude. Defeat in three successive national elections had kept them for more than a decade out of power, and had weakened their national organization, concentrating the general power in special places. They did not realize nor rightly estimate the strength that inhered in the simple principles of popular government which still remained the very vital essence of the party; and it is doubtful if the party, so shocked and disconcerted, would have seen the just and permanent value of these principles had recognition not come from outside. It was a revolt within the Republican ranks that first made clear

to the eyes of the Democrats that their party had a reason for permanent existence; and that the other party had none in itself save only as it might aptly meet the exigencies of each new political situation.

It was Republicans, and Republicans who loved their own party, who first saw that a claim to office founded solely on the enthusiastic gratitude of a people is a claim that might be made by kings, with some show of logic and reason; but one that is altogether illogical and unreasonable, addressed by men of a self-governing nation to their fellow-citizens. It was Republicans who first saw that, the horrors of war being long over, and peace, loyalty and lawfulness re-established in the land, it was time for any government that hoped to maintain lasting strength to cease vainglorious talk, and seriously to consider the economic and social questions that in one phase or another constantly affect the growth and welfare of a nation. These Republicans saw two things unmistakably: first, that the volume of war taxation should cease with the necessity which called it forth, and the burden of general taxation be so equalized that the poor man should no longer bear the heavy load which the war had thrown upon all alike, and which, in peace, was a cruel imposition upon his strength: second, that no government could be thoroughly efficiently administered where public office was made the reward of party jobbery, instead of the trust of faithfulness and fitness. But they soon found that the leaders of their party were too debauched and intoxicated with their division of the spoils of office to pay any heed to the warnings and protests of men whom they looked upon as Pharisees and theorists, preaching a morality which was impertinent and unnecessary in the day of prosperity. Then the protesting Republicans determined for their party's own good to act with their party's opponents, if among them they could find welcome for their ideas. And when they turned to the Democratic party they found that those ideas were fundamentally involved with the very principles on which that party had been created—the principles which still kept it in existence.

It was in 1872 that the "Independent Republicans" made their appearance as allies of the Democrats. There were but a few corporal's-guards of them scattered here and there. They were respected for their personal character and intelligence, and laughed at for the paucity of their numbers. At the hands of the political friends from whom they had parted they received a kindly tolerance, because they were considered harmless. Yet with that little trickle of conscientious voters began the flowing of the stream that in 1876 burst in a very torrent through the dam of Republican prejudice and partisanship, that spread still wider and stronger in 1884, and that to-day is flowing with steadily increasing volume.

The accessions to the Democratic party have been assimilated and made one with it because a common devotion to principle is the general solvent. The Democratic party to-day, greater in numbers and broader in principles than it has ever been before, is yet more than ever a unit, a strong, loyal and harmonious whole. This was never more completely proved than in the nomination of Mr. Cleveland at Chicago, as the choice of the party, in the face of all personal or factional opposition. The hearty and honest acceptance of this expression of popular will by Tammany Hall and the whole Democracy of New York, marks, we believe, the end of all separation or conflict between the local and national Democracy. And with the end of all dissensions within the party should come the end of all doubt that the Democratic party, in number, in policy and in principles, is the party of the American people; and that it stands to-day best and most honorably represented by its candidate and leader, Grover Cleveland.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"Say," said Burnsides, sitting up in the barber's chair; "is that tooth-soap?"

"No, sir;" replied the barber; "it's shaving soap."

"Then don't put any more of it in my mouth."

AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—What is the most deucedly embawassing thing you can think of, deah boy?

HOWELL GIBBON.—The most deucedly embawassing? A wah between England and Amewica and a call faw twoops by Wales and Wussell Hawison at one and the same time.

"You are sure that Wrightson's new play is original?"
"Well, he can't read French or German."

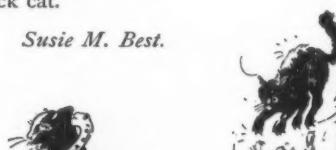
"TIME WORKS WONDERS;" but that's because he never strikes for an eight-hour day.



A FISH STORY.

MISS BIRCH.—Why did n't you come to school this morning?
BILLY FISHER.—I had to go of an errand.

MISS BIRCH.—But you did n't come this afternoon, either!
BILLY FISHER.—Oh, well, you see I hain't got back yet.



HE is our mascot,
Well-fed and fat,
Luck follows after
Our black cat.

Oh, when the rodents
Hear him, they scat,
He is their terror —
Our black cat.

He sits on the fence-rail,
"Meows" and all that,
Calls to his lady-loves —
Our black cat.

Then home he comes sneaking,
Back to his mat,
Lies up for repairing —
Our black cat.

He's a serenader,
Sings in b flat,
Rouses the neighborhood —
Our black cat.

Citizens irate
Often cry: "Drat
That devil incarnate" —
Our black cat.

Many have threatened
In a hot vat
To souse him for singing —
Our black cat.

One time from a window
A gun pointed at
His heart, nearly ended
Our black cat.

He sometimes is knocked in —
To a cocked hat,
Fighting with felines —
Our black cat.

With long odds against him
He gives tit for tat,
For he is no coward —
Our black cat.

Susie M. Best.

A PARADOX.

MR. NEW.—On the stage they always have such dolt, woodeny actors to represent dukes and kings —

MR. KNOW.—Yes; that's so to have them true to life.

IN LEXICOGRAPHIC SHADES.

BOSWELL.—I find that I have omitted to make a note of your very felicitous definition of a pic-nic. Will you oblige me by repeating it?

THE DOCTOR.—Sir, with pleasure. A pic-nic is the stupidity of several, and the misery of all.

A PROVIDENTIAL ARRANGEMENT.

"Man proposes —"
"Yes; but he needs encouragement."

STILL UNCERTAIN.

"I am to be married on the 16th," said Maude.

"To whom?"

"I don't know. Harry wants me to elope with *him*, but I am engaged to George."

ON WAYS AND MEANS.

JIM BALL.—Will Jones does n't seem to have much voice in the management of his house.

TOM CALL.—No; but as he supports his wife and her mother and two sisters, he constitutes a good working minority.

FOOT-BALL TERMS.

"A FULL BACK."

THE USUAL EXCEPTION.

WHUPPER.—They are awfully new people. Every thing they have is new.

SNAPPER.—Except their manners.

AN EXAGGERATION.

GAY.—The Widow Weed wears very heavy mourning.

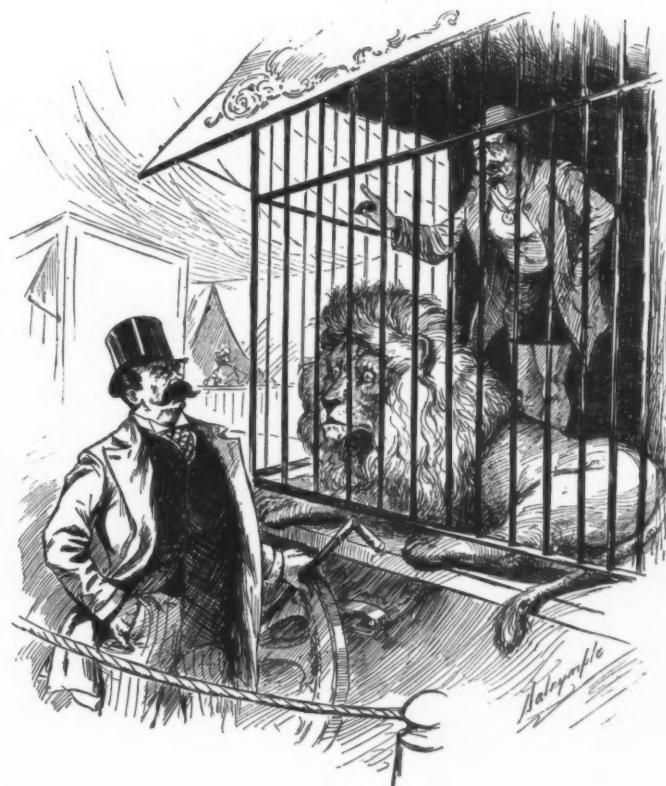
DAY.—Yes; but she does n't feel as black as she is dressed.

THE TROUBLE is that you never know when you've got enough until you've got too much.

THE COLOR LINE.

YOUNG MOTHER.—What do you think of the baby, Uncle Jackson?

UNCLE JACKSON.—Lor' sakes, Mis' May! It's de putties' little baby — ter be a *w'ite* baby — ev'r I did see!



A REFUGE.

MR. HINDLEGS (*circus manager*).—What in thunder are you doing in the lions' cage out of hours?

SEÑOR MAHONI (*lion tamer*).—It's all right, boss. I'm expecting my wife, any minute.



(Begun in PUCK, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER'S LOVE.



THE SUMMER PASSED like a dream with the Conscientious Plumber, who grew to love Pea Pack more and more. His duties in carrying on the correspondence of the general old Millionaire had not been very heavy. He had enjoyed this kind of work very much, as it never seemed more than a diversion to him. The family had learned to think so much of him, that he was sought upon every occasion when advice of a serious character was desired; and the Millionaire of Pea Pack declared, that if he should ever return to active business life, it would be upon the condition that the Conscientious Plumber would accept the position of confidential adviser.

It having been accidentally discovered by Anita that his birthday fell upon the twenty-fourth day of September, the Conscientious Plumber received from her upon that occasion a copy of a recent *edition de luxe* of Shelley's poetical works, and from the wife of the Millionaire a handsome gold watch. The Millionaire himself spoke in unqualified terms of endearment when he thought of the man whose range of accomplishments was so wide and varied that he could write a sonnet in the Tuscan form with an airiness and grace equal to that with which he could abridge a bull terrier's ears, or construct a Welsh rabbit. With a catholicity of taste that enabled him to enjoy and appreciate the good in everything, he was like a moral monitor in the Pea Pack establishment.

His knowledge of men was such that he could settle disputes and differences between the laborers on the Millionaire's place whenever they occurred, which was almost daily, and he consequently became invaluable, until his employer rose and blessed the day whose sunshine gilded their first meeting.

In the early days of Autumn, when the hills were misty, and the golden-rod nodded dreamily in the languid air, the Conscientious Plumber would take the Millionaire for a walk in the direction of Basking Ridge, and he would often tell his employer that the latter's enforced retirement from business life was owing to his physical condition, which had deteriorated through a lack of daily exercise. If he could once more regain the form that was his at forty, he would be his old self; but this change could only be brought about by a strict course of athletics. Owing to his implicit confidence in the ideas of the Conscientious Plumber, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to walk with him toward Basking Ridge. On these tramps they wore old clothing and sweaters, to be perfectly comfortable, and when he thought his employer needed it, the Conscientious Plumber would have him go an eighth of a mile on a dog-trot. On their return home after a walk of about six miles, the Conscientious Plumber would have the Millionaire take a half hour rest on the lounge, after which they would don the gloves and box

six rounds, the first five being light, and the last fast and lively to induce a good perspiration and to make a cold bath an unparalleled refreshment.

The Conscientious Plumber imparted such a knowledge of the mysteries of boxing to the Millionaire of Pea Pack, that he was soon passionately fond of it, and indulged his weakness as often as possible. He improved so much in wind and appetite, that he felt like a new man. He was no longer bilious, and when he sat down to a meal, eating became more a pleasure than a necessity.

On these long walks the Conscientious Plumber would converse with his wealthy employer on various topics, and always in an entertaining and instructive manner, whether the subject was the poetry of Persia or the breeding of race-horses. The knowledge he displayed of the characteristics of simple wayside flowers was quite as remarkable as his familiarity with the mysteries of geology. He could tell the nature and origin of any stone one might point out, and give a history of its formation, together with the period of its origin. And when it came to flowers, there was nothing that he could not relate regarding them. He could even quote the poetry concerning them, and point out places wherein the poets had made mistakes, such as having certain flowers, which are blue in nature, pink in their poems, and causing others which only appear in June, to blossom in September.

Upon certain occasions they would indulge in personalities, as the Millionaire of Pea Pack had so much respect for the Conscientious Plumber that he felt he would not be imposed upon, if he should become unconscious of the customary dignity existing in the relations of employer and employee. And in this he was quite right. The Conscientious Plumber naturally felt that as he was the intellectual superior of the Millionaire of Pea Pack, he could not be his inferior in any other respect; and in being familiar with his benefactor, for he always regarded him as such, he was never ostentatious or offensive. Consequently the Millionaire of Pea Pack felt fully at liberty to remark one day as they were entering Gladstone on the way home from Mendham:

"It has often struck me as very strange that a man of your attainments and knowledge of the world should never have married. But, perhaps, you do not believe in that institution?"

"I think it a fine thing for some people, but not for every one, for the reason that I know how impossible it is to live substantially upon love garnished with Arcadian zephyrs."

"Why Arcadian zephyrs?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack reflectively.

"I can not say why, if Arcadian zephyrs will not stand for air, pure and simple. I could have put it in a more prosaic and flippant style by saying that one composed of two can not subsist on wind. In other words, I mean that marriage is a good thing when it has for a basis love and an annual income of five thousand dollars."

"You are quite right," replied the Millionaire.

"Indeed, I can say with perfect confidence that I know I am right, without being regarded vain. I once knew a man who married when he possessed nothing in the shape of capital but his natural impudence. And if I never before felt sorry for a fellow mortal who had deliberately walked

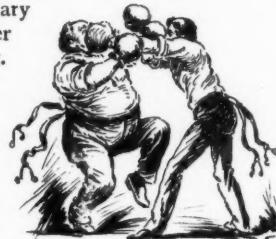
into a trap, I did for this poor unfortunate, who, despite his infinite confidence in himself to cope with fate unarmed, was still of a very sweet disposition, and well worthy of any man's regard. Having no regular position, he had to take anything he could find in the form of work. In six months he changed his position about seven times. He always seemed to be changing or contemplating a change. One day he would be driving an ice wagon, and the next would find him digging a grave. I have known him to open clams one week, and to drive a horse-car the next. He had to take anything he could find, because he had married without financial capital.

"The last time I heard of him he was the janitor of a large building with no prospect of ever gaining the social eminence so dear to his heart. And his salary was so small that he had to raise his vegetables on the roof to help him fight the battle of life successfully. He had trees growing in tubs, and chickens perched on the limbs. He had a fine tank for the ducks, and the only reason he did not have a cow was that he could not succeed in getting one up on the elevator.

"Of course the insurance company knew nothing whatever of the existence of Sky Farm, as he playfully called his abode on the roof, until one day when he was missed from his post of duty, a clerk was sent aloft—to discover him in his overalls and large straw hat, harvesting his crops."

"Come now," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack with a smile of incredulity. "You do not expect me to believe that, do you?"

"It is true," replied the Conscientious Plumber, "that he raised the



vegetables for his table on the roof in tubs and boxes, and that his trees also grew in tubs. Of course the language I employed in speaking of his agricultural pursuits on Sky Farm was very extravagant, but a basis of solid truth was there."

"But what became of your friend after he was discovered harvesting his crops?"

"Nothing," replied the Conscientious Plumber. "The officers of the company that employed the janitor thought it so funny that they only laughed, and one day they repaired to the roof to take a look at Sky Farm. They were convulsed when they noticed the janitor, who was not expecting them, picking tomatoes and green peas for dinner. He was very successful with turkeys, because these fowls can be cultivated best in a dry season. Whenever it rained he would take the turkeys downstairs and arrange them on perches behind the stove."

"And would n't you go through all that to marry a girl if you happened to be in love with her?"

"That is a rather difficult question to answer; I suppose it is a matter of temperament. Some men are more daring than others. Some men are naturally venturesome, where others are over-cautious. Some can look ahead and see danger; others are blind and foresee nothing but sunshine and clear sailing. For my part I am of the pessimistic order."

"And you never intend to marry?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack in a persistent tone.

"I will not go so far as to say that," replied the Conscientious Plumber, "because we can not always tell what we are going to do, as time rolls onward in its ceaseless course; but I will say that I have not yet secured the necessary annual income of five thousand dollars."

"But," persisted the Millionaire of Pea Pack in a rather tantalizing tone, "have you the girl?"

(To be continued.)

"To be perfectly frank with you," said the Conscientious Plumber, "I have the girl already secured."

"I congratulate you upon so frank a declaration, and if you can keep me in such trim physically that I may resume my business in New York, and once more live on Fifth Avenue, I will give you a position in my office at five thousand dollars per annum as long as you care to remain with me; and I will furthermore arrange matters in such a way that, in the event of my decease, you may conduct the business in the interest of my heirs. Do you think you can keep me in such trim?"

"Very easily, if you will walk up and down town daily in fine weather and box a half dozen rounds every night."

"I will do that—in fact, I will do anything to get out of this forlorn region of bracing air and mosquitos, and to be once more on the scene of my commercial triumphs. We will resume in November, and if you care to marry before that time, I will put you under salary at once. I only want you to remain with me and not to think of leaving under any circumstances."

"I will do that," replied the Conscientious Plumber, joyfully. "I will make a ten-year contract if necessary."

"Your word is sufficient," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack, delightedly; "and I will inform my family of our arrangement on our return. I know they will be delighted at the idea of returning to town, as they have always been accustomed to a box at the opera and are in every way fond of a gay life. Therefore I will give you a leave of absence to make the necessary preliminary arrangements with the girl of your choice. I only trust she is in every way worthy of you."

The Conscientious Plumber assured the Millionaire of Pea Pack that he was quite certain of that, and, then, the latter smilingly asked:

"Who is the happy girl, anyhow?"

"Why, your daughter, of course!"



TRUSTWORTHY.

MADISON SQUEERS.—There goes a woman who has perfect confidence in her husband.

WILLIAM NEW.—How do you know?

MADISON SQUEERS.—Why, she trusts him with her dog.

A LIBERAL CONCESSION.

REPUBLICAN.—You must admit our exports for last year were largely in excess of the previous administration.

DEMOCRAT.—I believe the Russian famine did necessitate the sending out of more supplies than usual; still, I am not disposed to blame the famine on the present administration.

A MISSING PORTRAIT.

Columbus was most versatile, I judge from what I see,
Particularly in his styles of physiognomy.

I've seen his face in whiskers and I have seen it
with a beard,
In everything but Galways has his lovely phiz
appeared;
But what of all these many styles to see I'd most
prefer,
Is how he looked when this fair land was named
"Amerriker."
Carlyle Smith.

VERY FEW people can stand the prosperity of their neighbors.

THERE IS no cement that will restore a shattered promise.

WHEN IT comes to filling an aching void, there are none of us in it with the dentist.

BETWEEN THESE two "big d's"
What a difference the public notes;
"The public be double 'd'd!'"
And "I don't care a 'd' for votes!"



OILY WORK.

FLAHERTY (as he mops the dripping oil from off his brow).—Be th' Saints above, this marchin' doos bring the perspiration out on a feller!



FREDDY'S IDEA.

TOMMY.—Don't you wish you was a boy again, Grandpa?
MR. ELISHA GOWUP.—I suppose I do. But why?

TOMMY.—Because you would n't have to have your hair combed or your teeth cleaned.

STUPID CROWD.

"It was too ridiculous," said Jack Mammaboy. "We went to lunch together and he ordered a bottle of Bass; so, when the waiter asked what I'd have, I said I'd have a glass of sardines—and, do you know, they never saw the point?"

NO RIVALS.

He who himself doth love full well
We envy all, for he
Will never feel his bosom swell
With cruel jealousy.



A BAD OUTLOOK FOR A CHICKEN DINNER.

DEACON WATSON.—Doan' yo' t'ink it crule ter keep dat dog chained up all de time?

FARMER SMITHERS.—Oh, I let him loose at night!

A HUSTLER.

STUTTERING OLD GENTLEMAN (*entering DENTIST'S office*).—I wu-wu-would like a tut-tut—

YOUNG DENTIST.—Quite right! (*Seizes visitor, shoves him into operating-chair and grabs forceps*).—Which is—Ah, I see! Out she comes! (*Pulls tooth*.) One dollar, please!

OLD GENTLEMAN.—But, cuc-cuc-confound you, sir, I dud-dud—I dud-did n't want a tut-tut-tooth pulled!

DENTIST.—Well, what did you want, then?

OLD GENTLEMAN.—I am Mum-Mum-Miss Brisk's fuf-fuf—I'm her father, just retut-tut-returned from abroad. Sh-Sh-She has tut-told me abub-bub-bout your pup-proposal of mum-mum-marriage, and I came up to huh-have a tut-tut—a ten minutes chat with you about it.

DENTIST (*regretfully*).—Then, I suppose this settles it. I love her, but can hardly expect you to give your consent after—

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Wu-Wu-Well, I don't know about that. It was pup-pup—it was pup-pretty rough on me. But I gug-gug-guess you'll be able to su-su-support her in gug-good style. You are a hu-hu-hustler. Take her, mum-mum-my boy!

A SOLDIER WITH strabismus
Read to his little son
A verse in which he strangely
Pronounced the gnu a gun.



PLENTY OF ROOM.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Now, I tell you, old fellah, I had a pwetty close call when I was out West. A bullet from a dwunken cowboy's wevolvah just gwazed the tip of my eah.

TOM BIGBEE.—You don't call that a close call, do you?

A PATENT.

PUBLISHER.—You have the climax of the story in the second chapter. Why do that?

AUTHOR.—It is a patent scheme of my own to keep women who read from knowing how the story is going to turn out.

HE STRUCK.

MRS. MODISH (*after a shopping tour*).—Oh, I have just struck the loveliest bargain!

MR. MODISH (*after a hard day on 'Change*).—Why did n't you strike something that can strike back?

MRS. MODISH.—Wait till you get the bill.

JUDICIAL HUMOR.

JUSTICE GUFFY.—What's your occupation, prisoner?

MCTATTERS.—It's an author I am, your Honor.

JUSTICE GUFFY.—H'm! What do you write—begging letters?



"POETS ARE born, not made." A reasonable proposition. Nobody would be so foolish as to continue the manufacture of an article when the supply was already greater than the demand.

MORE THAN SHE COULD BEAR.



HE SHOT an albatross one day,
As he sailed on a Southern sea,
And he brought the wings to his lady love,
Who laughed aloud in glee.

She laughed aloud and her joy was great,
And she said how nice was he
To bring such overpowering wings
Afar from a Southern sea!

But her joy was turned to bitter grief
As at the play she sat,
For she found she could n't bear their weight
Upon her new Fall hat.

T. M.

EINSTEIN.

"What a farce for the Republicans to run a city ticket!"
"Well, I don't know; their mayoralty candidate's name
is in everybody's mouth; even the waiters are shouting it."



LIGHT WORK.

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—How do you manage without a servant?
MRS. UPTON FLATTE.—Oh, I manage to do her work, myself.
MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—But are you not wearing yourself out?
MRS. UPTON FLATTE.—No; you see I'm not working any harder
than she did.



OVERBURDENED.

YOUNG WIFE (sadly).—Ah, that night work at the office is surely
affecting George's mind!

ANOTHER SYSTEM ENTIRELY.

"Do you use the Australian ballot system in your State?" asked a
New Yorker of a Texan citizen.

"No; we use the Irish system," was the reply. "We broke fourteen
heads in the last election in our town."

IT IS timely and therefore well enough to speak in exaggerated terms
of Columbus's achievement; but the discovery of America dwindles
into insignificance by comparison with the discovery that the more you
are taxed the richer you grow.

THERE IS a difference between wants and needs. The man who sells his
vote gets what he most wants, but not what he most needs.

A VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY — To scoop up all the American dollars
that can be reached.

THE INDUSTRY which the G. O. P. seems most anxious to protect just
now is Chairman Hackett's "blocks-of-one" business.

THERE IS nothing queer about the relations of Capital and Labor.
Everybody knows that relations frequently quarrel.

WHOOPING COUGH — The Hoarseness Following Election Yells.

A PROMPT RESPONSE.



CAMPAIN ORATOR.—Now, as regards the manufacture of tin-plate in
America, I have in my hand some figures that will doubtless astonish you;
but my friends here will bear me out when I say that, thanks to our noble
protective tariff, this is rapidly becoming one of our most important industries!



(And his friends bore him out — that was too much for them.)



P.U.K.

IN GOD WE TRUST



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

REPUBLICAN PARTY — BUFFOONERY, BOODLE AND BLUFF.

A SAD INVESTIGATION.



WILLIE GREEN.—Dein's th' finest trained mice in th' town.



TEACHER.—I saw you, Willie Green, put something in your pocket. Come forward and bring it to me.



TEACHER.—Well, if you will not hand it out I shall get it myself.



—!!!—!!—!!!

THE THRIFT OF BLIVENS.

THERE WAS once a man named Blivens, who took up the study of French in order to be able to read Maupassant and American hotel bills-of-fare. The circumstance would be unworthy of record, did it not preface some remarkable freaks of ingenuity.

He took two lessons a week from one M. Carmeaux.

Being a thrifty soul, Blivens was sorely grieved at having to pay a dollar a lesson for something which any ordinary Frenchman learned for nothing; so, after he had learned six or eight dollars' worth of French, he began to practice various expedients to extend his period of Gallic converse beyond the stipulated hour.

One method of wringing French from his tutor was to meet him downtown, escort him to the Blivens mansion, where the lesson was given, and then accompany him to the confines of Washington Square, where M. Carmeaux lived. Blivens made these walks interesting by asking for the French of various objects along the route, such as truck, wheel, cable-slot, and paving stone. In this way he secured, without cost, an extra hour of linguistic field practice.

After awhile he took to haunting M. Carmeaux every day in the week. Meeting him in the street, he would drag him to an elevated train, under pretext of viewing a fine statue of Garibaldi which had just been unveiled. After a long, delightful ride to 155th Street, during which he learned the French for elevated train, goat, and fat woman, Blivens would declare they had taken the wrong train, that the statue was in Battery Park. Then he would recklessly purchase elevated tickets for that point, keeping a firm grip on the Frenchman's arm, meanwhile; upon reaching which, after another profitable season of French chat, Blivens would exclaim:

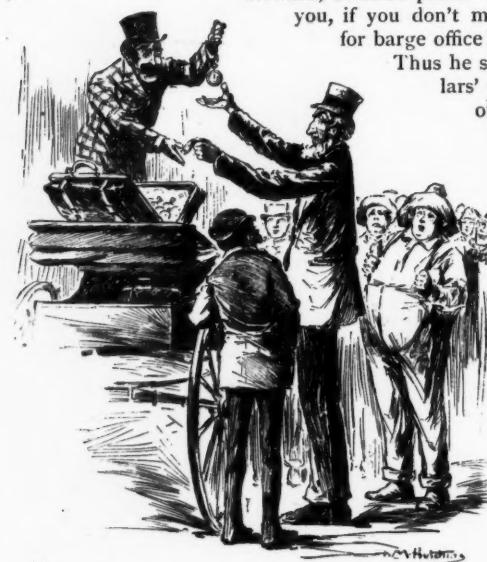
"Ho! I guess that statue must have been moved over to Newark, or some place. I'll walk home with you, if you don't mind. What is French for barge office?"

Thus he secured three or four dollars' worth of French at a cost of twenty cents.

Another time Blivens escorted his tutor to the top of a high building to view the great city. He bribed the watchman, with twenty-five cents, to lock the trap door and leave them there for four hours, which Blivens enlivened with:

"What is French for it is cold up here; how do you say gravel-roofing and chimney and stone coping?"

Another time Blivens learned that his tutor



"SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER."

was having his teeth mended. He repaired at once to the dentist's shop, and, finding M. Carmeaux helpless in the chair, asked him what teeth, cavity, zinc filling and dentist's chair were in French. The presence of a rubber band and a hand-drill in the mouth of M. Carmeaux impaired his articulation, and Blivens received wrong ideas of the pronunciation of those words.

Once there was a blockade on the elevated road for nearly three hours, and Blivens learned the French for a lot of things, including rattan-seat, bell-cord, plate-girder, and great annoyance; also the French for some vigorous remarks made by a man who was in a hurry. This was the happiest day of Blivens's life.

When the weather became cold enough to freeze water, Blivens left a



THEIR WAY.

MR. BRAGG A. DOCTO (of Chicago).—Yes, sir; when we people attempt to do anything we roll up our sleeves and pitch in.

MR. FULTON (of New York).—Yes, I have noticed it; I took dinner in your town once.

gallon or so on his front steps to the mercy of the elements. The following day as he was being escorted up these steps by his pupil, M. Carmeaux fell and broke some of his bones so badly that he had to be cared for in Blivens's house until they grew together again. Blivens did not slip; he wore spiked shoes.

M. Carmeaux was carefully watched over by Blivens, during his enforced confinement. He scarcely left the bedside of the injured man, and frequently awakened him in the night to ask the French for compound fracture, shoulder-blade or cracked-ice.

M. Carmeaux, after his recovery, brought suit against Blivens for six-hundred dollars for French instruction, which he won after a bitter contest. This was a great injustice, because Blivens does n't know nearly that much French. He can order two cups of coffee in a French restaurant by speaking his conception of the necessary words and holding two fingers perpendicularly aloft. The waiter can count the fingers in English and knows it to be time for coffee. Blivens cordially loathes the French people and thinks the language is greatly overrated.

H. L. Wilson.

HIS CHOICE.



LD SANTA BARBARA beside
the sea
Is foggy, moist and chilly;
And Leadville oft congeals the
mercury,
It is so high and hilly.

“ Los Angeles the sun-cooked Hottentot
In seven days would smother;
And Honolulu’s quite as dull as hot,
And far, too far from Mother.

“ For dinner in St. Paul I would r’t stop,
Its cold’s so bleak and bitter;
And Paris, France, is one great noisy shop,
And naught but empty glitter.

“ The Adirondacks’ very best hotel
Would freeze the bear a-dancing;
And as for Jacksonville and Nassau — well,
They’re quite as dull as Lansing.

“ At Green Cove Springs the moments drag-
ging pass,
With parties, balls and tennis;
I know no table d’hôte that is first-class
From Monterey to Venice.

“ I almost starved to death in Palestine,
Within the gates of Judah;
And Ague’s bower’s on the turquoise brine —
Its proper name’s Bermuda.”

My ancient friend has traveled all around,
And seen the finest places,
And in them all no beauty has he found,
And no redeeming graces.

On Aix-les-Bains his strictures never cease,
He ridicules Ravenna,
And smiling says, Pau, Monaco and Nice,
To him suggest Gehenna.

And yet as happy as a lord this spry
Old pilgrim, wise and witty,
O'erbrimming with content, lives in a sky-
High flat in Jersey City.

R. K. M.



GETTING OVER THE LAW.

“ Have you any suggestions to make which would be beneficial to Republicanism? ”



OUR ADVERTISING FIENDS.

ELEVATED R. R. PASSENGER.—That’s strange — I wonder what that parrot is hanging up there for? PARROT.—Ask your grocer for Scrub-in — the best soap made — beware of imitations — a prize in every package!

A POOR INVESTMENT.

“ No, sir,” said Mr. Closefist; “ I will not subscribe to any memorial for Columbus; and I wish to say that it is most unwise and even criminal to hold up the character of that man for the emulation of our American youth. Why, sir, that man started an enterprise at a cost of forty thousand dollars, that ended in a complete failure! You take forty thousand dollars, sir, and compute interest at six per cent. per annum, compounded annually, and tell me what it will amount to at the end of four hundred years. Nearly seven hundred billions of dollars, sir — more than all the personal and real estate in North and South America is worth, sir; and yet there are, I understand, men who are otherwise esteemed prudent and careful, who pretend to honor the memory of a man, sir, who started an enterprise that won’t pay six per cent. dividends, sir. A disgraceful failure, sir! Good morning, sir! ”

A LIGHTNING CHANGE ARTIST.

HELEN HYLER. — But, I don’t see how you could stay in love with a man long enough to marry him. Did n’t you ever change your mind after you accepted Charley?

MRS. LOVEY. — Mercy, yes! I changed it four times while we were walking up the church aisle.

A WIFELY REBUKE.

“ I think I’ll have an oil portrait made,” said Mr. Derrick, who had become suddenly rich in petroleum.

“ There you go talking shop again! ” exclaimed his wife, who was taking lessons in culture.

WOMAN’S WAY.

HEELER. — If women had the ballot, they would vote as they pray.

WHEELER. — How is that? HEELER. — With their eyes shut.

OUTRAGED AUTHOR (*fiercely*). — Sir, your abuse of my book admits of no explanation!

CANDID CRITIC (*calmly*). — Oh, yes, it does. I read it.

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PUCK’S TARIFF REFORM EXTRA NUMBER

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Special days, Thursdays, 11 to 5. One cent.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 308 TO 314 POST STREET.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 MAIN STREET.

AN optimist is a man who has something to sell; a pessimist is a man who is buying.—*Atchison Globe*.

**
Will
Not
Bite
or
Dry
the
Tongue
or
Throat.
**



EXTRACT OF BEEF!

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

Liebig COMPANY'S

Bearing the author-ized signature of Justus von Liebig, the great chemist,

has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.

FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.
FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

THE SOFT GLOW OF

The tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

THE devil never goes to sleep in church.—*Ram's Horn*.

The 1892 Model Remington Typewriter



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If out of order use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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in all parts of the world issued by

"I'VE been to see an old flame," remarked the young man who had recently journeyed to see Vesuvius.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



A MAN is always just about as good as he has to be.—*Atchison Weekly Globe*.

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IF YOU ARE A PIPE SMOKER

We want YOU to try GOLDEN SCEPTRE—
all the talk in the world will not convince us
quickly as a trial that it is almost perfection.
We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to
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Prices GOLDEN SCEPTRE: 1 lb. \$1.20;
1/2 lb. 65c; 1/4 lb. 35c. Postage: 1 lb. 20c;
1/2 lb. 10c; 1/4 lb. 5c. Send for pamphlet of our
goods giving list of dealers who handle them.

THE devil joins church somewhere every Sunday.—*Ex.*

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DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR?

THE AURAPHONE will surely help you if you do.
It is a new scientific invention which will restore the hearing
of any one not born deaf. When in the ear it is
invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort or
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and

MISS GREVILLE'S

Bewildering and Sensational Psychonotism.

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CLEVELAND and HARRISON.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.
30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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633 WHITNEY BLOCK.

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Morocco.	Calf.	Seal.
\$0.30	\$0.50	\$0.75
" 4x " 6.00 " "	" 75	1.00
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most accurate, most compact,
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Moderate Prices.

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A SOFT answer will kill where a club would fail.—*Ram's Horn*.

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"Every one should read this little book." —*athenaeum*. 544*

MORE people with patent leather shoes on, borrow money that they never pay back than men who wear shoes that are patched. — *Atchison Globe*.

BEFORE they are married they don't call them quarrels; they call them "arguments." — *Atchison Globe*.

GIVE the devil a chance with a family of boys and he will always get the best one. — *Ram's Horn*.

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THE
KNOX
HAT
Matchless in beauty
Superb in quality
Artistic in design 589

A NEW song is called "The Bunco Man." This might be termed an air of confidence. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

THE MAP TELLS ITS OWN STORY.



But it may be well to add that it is a map of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, which road is the only one over which Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule trains—magnificently equipped—are run every day between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis (with a through sleeping car to Portland, Oregon), and also between Chicago, Sioux City and Omaha.

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P. TSCHAIKOWSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Colour and perfect action.

NEW YORK, BALTIMORE,
148 Fifth Avenue. 22 & 24 E. Baltimore St.
WASHINGTON, 817 Pennsylvania Ave. 577

OUR friend Crimsonbeak referred to his nose, the other day, as one of his "cardinal points." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

MEN are a good deal better collectively than they are individually. Many a man will do that privately which he will denounce in a crowd. — *Atchison Globe*.

A MEAN man generally feels better when he meets a man who is more of a rogue than he is. — *Ram's Horn*.

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ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR IT. 5 and 7 East 16th St., New York. 606

THE self-made man is frequently exceedingly proud of a very poor job. — *Texas Siftings*.

THE BLIZZARD HORSE
Ice Creeper.
FRAMES (3 SIZES) FITTED BY
ANY ONE TO ANY SHOE.
CALKS ONLY WEAR OUT, ANY
ONE CAN PUT IN NEW CALKS.
BE AN AGENT.

E. Fisher of Edgewater, N. J., writes: "The trouble and time lost to have my horse sharpened is all done away with now. I do that myself in 2 minutes when I want to go out and there is any ice. I put them on like a pair of club skates."

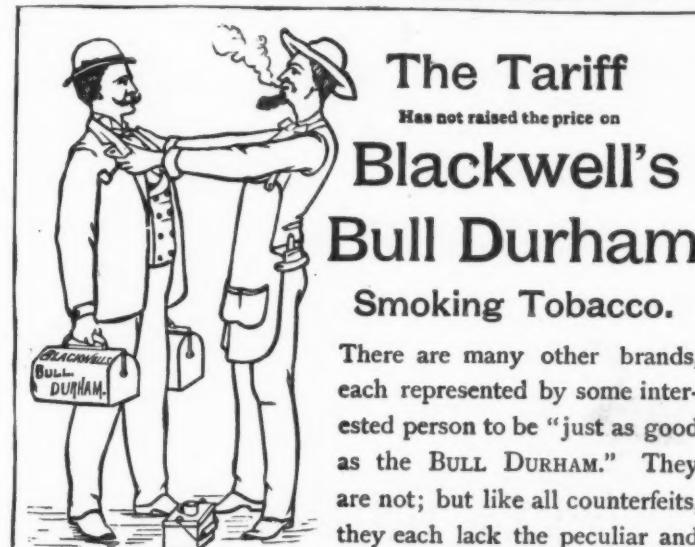
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Price Cut to \$75
For 12-ft. Steel Geared Aermotor.

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Has not raised the price on
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Bull Durham
Smoking Tobacco.

There are many other brands, each represented by some interested person to be "just as good as the BULL DURHAM." They are not; but like all counterfeits, they each lack the peculiar and attractive qualities of the genuine.

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For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. **Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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the most pleasant and sure remedy ever offered for

**CATARRH,
ASTHMA,
HAY FEVER
AND
COLD IN THE HEAD.**

A trial will convince. Contain no tobacco, and are smoked by ladies. Recommended by physicians.

*Beware of Injurious
Imitations.*

Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

60¢
JAMES B. HORNER, 44 Cedar Street, N. Y.

*Arnold,
Constable & Co.*

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Meltons, Kerseys and English Box Cloths. Cheviot Suitings, Cassimeres.

Black, Blue and Colored Worsts.

OVERCOATINGS.

ELYSIANS, BEAVERS.

Irish Fries, Ribbed Cheviots, Whip and Bedford Cords.

LADIES' CLOTHES.

New and Fancy Shades for Autumn Wear.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.



METAL POLISH.

The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine HELMET brand POLISHING PASTE. Refuse as worthless imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name. For sale everywhere, or send three two-cent stamps for large sample box, by mail, to the sole agents for United States, Canada and Mexico.

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Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

Any one of our Beers will tone up your stomach and keep it just right all the time, so that you can eat and sleep with pleasure.

Under this trade-mark we bottle at the brewery our



"Wiener,"
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It guarantees absolute purity.

AMERICAN PLAYS.

MANAGER.—Is your new play an American drama?

WRITER.—Thoroughly American. Nearly all the characters talk with a brogue.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. MCEWEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, TENN. Mention PUCK. 134

BOKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

WHEN people are ashamed of their religion they generally have good reason to be.—*Ram's Horn.*

FOR STOUT FOLKS.

Dr. Edison's FAMOUS PILLS AND BANDS and Obesity Fruit Salt reduce your weight without dieting; cure the causes of obesity, such as dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, catarrh, kidney troubles; keep you healthy, and beautify the complexion.



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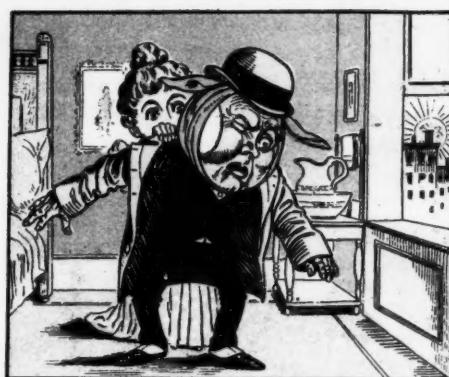
CATARRH

CATARRH

PUCK.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



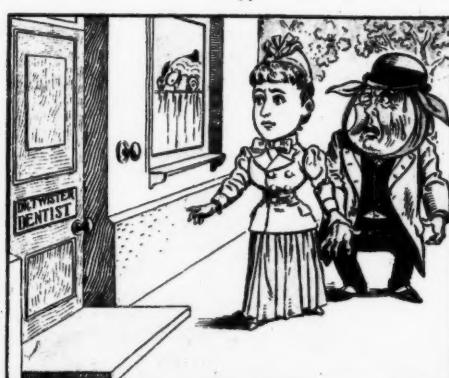
V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.



XI.



XII.



XIII.



XIV.



XV.

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